SORROW.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Eternal Phantom, with the restless eyes!
The spells by which we seek to exorcise
Thy ghostly hauntings, only have the might
To *change thy shape.* Throughout our life's long night,
That varies oft—but never dares to wear
A brightness—save that of the meteor's glare,
Or a dim starlight, trembling, as in fear
Of being quenched by storms that slumber near!
Yes—through our life's long night, thou track'st us on—
But, like all other spectres, at *the dawn*
Wilt thou not vanish? * *
With imploring eyes
Fixed sadly on the far and silent skies
That roof its grandeur and its gloom, we kneel
In Time's cathedral, as the awful peal
Of its vast bell is tolling for our dead—
And ask its Priest—the One whose power is spread
Far as extends the infinite universe!
In mercy, to absolve us—from the curse
Of thy pale presence. * * But thy ghostly smiles
Still mock us from the dimly-lighted aisles
Wherein the cold folds of thy graveless shroud
Trail to and fro! * *
Alike from star and cloud
A shadowy finger points us far away,
Through ruined ages, to the fatal day
When coiled the Serpent over Eden's flowers! * *
No other answer stirs the waste of hours.
Well—I can suffer still—but—but, to-night
I gaze on one young, beautiful and bright,
A rose-lipped, dark-eyed, high-souled girl, and she
Is more than earth—than Heaven! I fear, to me.
Alas, must she too try a thorny sod?
My heart is used to bitterness—oh, God!
And—and methinks I surely scarce will shrink,
If I may spare her by the deed! to drink
A draught—tho' it were from the lake of fire!
And poured by Lucifer himself! Desire—
Too oft deceived in grasping for mine own—
New hopes and fears for her sweet sake alone!

GIULETTA;

OR,

THE TWO HOMES.

"Juletty, Juletty, Julet-ty!" screamed a harsh voice from the house, rising in its tones with each repetition of the name, and prolonging the concluding syllable at last into a shrill squeak that was inexpressibly ludicrous.

Giuletta was my very uncommon name, and Juletty was the country pronunciation of the same. I was an idle girl, no doubt, and loved to dream; and Polly Simmons, my mother's help, was quite right in calling me. For I was indulging my old habit of lying beneath the pine trees and gazing off into the blue distance that I peopled with so many fantasies—unprofitable employment, truly,—while Polly wanted me to lay the table for the harvesters' dinner.

I rose slowly and went in.

"I never did see such a lazy trollope in all my born days!" commenced Polly, the moment my foot fell upon the threshold. "I think you might find somethin' better to do, Juletty, than lyin' there under them trees gazin' and glowerin' by the hour. I'm sure I've had to slave myself half to death this forenoon, and now the clock 'll strike twelve in a minit, and the horn oughter to be blowed, and that ere table aint sot. And I tell you what—" her wrath and her voice both rising as I stood looking at her, half amused, "'twon't git sot, nuther, unless you do it, for I've got the dinner to take up, and that's enough for me."

I would have done anything for Polly that she had asked me to do, but being totally unused to being addressed in such a manner, I rebelled. I had commenced an angry answer, when a soft voice called me from the inner room. I turned towards it, pushed open the door, which was but half closed, and saw my mother's pale face lying there upon the pillows, that were scarcely whiter, with an anxious, sorrowful expression upon it, and something like tears shining in her gentle eyes.

I went up and kissed her, and inquired how she felt.

"Very comfortable, darling," was her reply. "I have had a long and pleasant sleep. If I improve as I am doing now we shall be able to dismiss Polly in a week or two, or when the harvesters are gone. Now, dear, I want you to help her about the light work as much as you can. She has a good deal to do, you know, and——"

"Why, mother," I cried passionately, interrupting her feeble words, "I'll do anything in the world you wish me to do, but she speaks to me in such a way, mother,—so cross,—so impertinent——"

"Well, dear, never mind that," said the soothing voice. "Polly does not know that she is impertinent, and you know that you should do right always, without reference to anything that is wrong in others."

"O yes, mother," my way all cleared by those simple words.

"Go then, Giuletta, and lay the table; I hear the men now ooming up from the field."

So did I hear the tramp of their feet and their voices, as they wound along the mountain path, and I hurried out.

"Polly, will you please help me lift out the table?"

The girl looked up, surprised at my altered, kindly tones, but she sat down the huge dish of "pot-luck" that she held in her hands, and came silently to my aid! In a few moments the white cloth was spread, the homely dinner-service laid, and the viands were smoking on the board.

My father had been the first to wash his heated face at the well in the yard, and had been to my mother's room while the others were getting ready for their meal. As he came out he kissed me, and laying his broad hand under my uplifted chin, he bade me be a good girl, and not quarrel with Polly, for mother was getting well, and very soon we should be living in the old way again.

I was very glad to hear this, and I pondered it as I carried in the dainty meal that Polly, with all her work, had not forgotten to prepare for my mother, and sat to see her eat it with better appetite than she had before. I pondered it, too, when I helped Polly remove the dinner, and put away the dishes, and make the house tidy, and afterward, when I had gone back to my dear old pine tree, and lay there looking out over the fair expanse that lay bathed in the rich glories of a midsummer afternoon.

I longed to return to the old life which, in all the fourteen years that I had lived, had known no change till now. We had been so happy there in our secluded home—we three—my father, my mother, and myself. We saw no company, save now and then a stray guest from the village on the plain below, or a sportsman craving a meal of our homely fare; but we had books, and papers, and magazines, and once a month a long, long letter from the beautiful lady whose name I bore. All my days I had lived in that little mountain cottage, which looked like a bird's nest from the valley below. It was roomy enough and comfortable enough, however, for our wants. Sheltered by a high, precipitous rock and a belt of evergreens, principally pines, at the back, its front overlooked the mountain terraces that dropped gently into the lap of one of the loveliest of green valleys—the valley itself, with its chequered fields, its farm houses, and its village, and the bright river that bound its middle like a silver zone—and far away, defining its outermost verge, a range of opposing hills, that raised their huge shoulders like Titans bearing up the sky that rested in a soft arch upon them.

We all loved our mountain home. I had heard that my father had been born there, but that, when he was but a lad, the little farm had passed into the hands of strangers on the death of his parents, and he had been thrust out to seek his fortune in a hard, cold world.

Chance had thrown him into the notice of a Mr. Guercino, who was travelling through the country. This gentleman had aided him in his humble efforts to win a livelihood, and advanced him into places of trust in a business in which he was silently interested.

Being often at the gentleman's house in the city, as well as at his country seat, where business sometimes led him, he saw and learned to love my mother, who was the humble companion of the rich gentleman's daughter. My mother being fond of learning, had been educated with her young mistress, and had knowledge and manners far above her condition.

The young lady and her father, when they learned what was going on, placed no obstacles in the way, but rather aided the lovers to the accomplishment of their project. My father re-purchased the small farm that should have been his inheritance. Mr. Guercino stocked it with utensils, while his daughter provided the furniture and the bride's outfit. So my father and mother were married and settled quietly in their lonely but pleasant home.

I was never tired of hearing of the beautiful young lady, Giuletta Guercino, for whom I had been named. Five years after the marriage she had passed a summer with her humble friends, the very summer that I was born, as I had heard a hundred times. And I had looked with awe and intense admiration on the dainty robes that her hands had wrought for the infant, her little name-child, still preserved faithfully though never needed since, for no other child had blessed our home.

It was from her that those anxiously expected monthly letters came, and twice a year we received a box containing more substantial tokens of her regard—books, money, dresses for me and for my mother. I almost worshipped this lovely lady whom I had never seen. I loved my father and mother, but there was an awe and reverence mingled with my feelings toward her which they, so well known, never inspired.

The first break in our mode of life was this illness of my mother. But from this she was slowly recovering, and about two weeks from the period at which my sketch opens I had the satisfaction of watching Polly Simmons as she rode away down the mountain road, in my father's farm wagon, to return no more as I believed.

We came back then to something like our former life. But I do not think my mother was ever quite well again. I was too much a child, too little used to note the tokens of illness, to observe how pale she was at times, nor how a red flush deepened in her cheek at certain hours of the day, nor to heed her hollow cough and increasing feebleness. I think my father saw these things though, for they often talked together alone, and more than once there were traces of tears on both their faces, when these strange conferences, to which I vainly prayed to be admitted, were ended.

My mother had never written to her friend more than three or four times in a year. But after one of these conversations she penned a long letter, over which she shed many tears, addressed it to Giuletta Guercino, and my father, though he had only a month before sent one for her to the village Post Office, now made a special errand thither to post this. Not many days passed before an answer came. This was the first letter from our friend which I had not been allowed to see, but my mother wept over this as over her own, and it was placed carefully away, and finally, without my having seen it at all, was destroyed.

The mystery of these proceedings annoyed me. But when my mother told me that it was not best that I should see or know more, I tried to be satisfied. And very soon events transpired which drove all thoughts of aught but present dread and sorrow from my mind.

My mother sickened again, when the cold autumn winds howled around our house. Polly Simmons was brought again in haste, and while I sat beside the bed of pain, tending with my inexperienced hands the beloved sufferer, she made herself busy in the household labors. The snow lay deep upon the ground when my mother died. She died with her loving eyes fixed till the last upon the two faces dearest to her on earth.

That was my first bitter grief. How I lived when they bore her forth to lay her beneath the white winding sheet, far down in the brown earth that strong hands had thrown up in our garden, I never knew. I thought, in my passionate anguish, that my heart was laid there, too, and that never, never again could I look abroad in joy over the earth and its loveliness. Fatigue and misery made me ill, and in the days that followed I have no clear perception of anything but that my father, looking very sad and mournful, sat by my bedside and wrote a letter which he said was for Giuletta Guercino, and that I heard him exclaim, more than once, groaning and clasping his brow as in despair, "Both at once! Both at once! Must I lose her, also?"

I thought he meant that I would die like my mother, but I was too ill to feel more than a sorrowful, but dim perception of his loneliness when I should be laid in the dark grave. For myself I had little thought or care, and through this state of extreme weakness and lassitude, of mind as well as of body, I was still struggling slowly when the spring sun began to shine warmly into my windows.

I remember well the first day that I sat by the fireside in my pillowed chair which Polly, harsh of speech and homely in manner as she was, had arranged for me tenderly, and saw my father going down the mountain road, his axe on his shoulder, toward the warm slope where the sugar maples grew. He was going to tap the trees, and build the camp, and Polly said, to comfort me, as she saw the tears rising in my eyes, that she was sure I should be well enough to go there and assist at one "sugaring off," before the season was over.

I only shook my head, silently, and watched the disappearing form, and then let my eye wander off over the valley to where the snowy crests of the opposite hills were gleaming in the sunlight, and their sides, half in shadow, showed brown and purple patches, and dark wood-paths; and thought of her who looked upon them with me a twelve month past, and never, never should look again upon the beautiful earth, but lay with closed eyes motionless beneath that dark mound in the garden. I had not learned, then, to think of her in a more beautiful world, with all the pains, and sorrows, and imperfections of this life forever left behind.

I remember thinking, as I sat there, that no bitterer sorrow could ever befall me—that my life's deepest grief and anguish had been borne. Ah, how little we know, when we weep so bitterly for the guileless dead, what profounder depths of suffering may be stirred in the human heart, which, though it break, may "brokenly live on!"

That night, just as the pale spring moon shone out upon the crusted snow, a strange procession, bearing a strange burden, came up our woodland path. Very solemnly they bore their burden within our doors and laid it upon my father's bed, and I, stealing near, looked upon a pale, uplifted face—the dead face of that strong man whom I had seen go forth to his daily toil that morning. And I knew that I was an orphan and alone, though hours passed before I learned of the fearful accident which had thus bereaved me.

It was not till my father had been some weeks dead that a letter came from Giuletta Guercino. I had recovered my health, and had been able to aid in looking over, with our physician and the minister from the village, my father's papers. We had not found any will, nor anything but a small sealed package, directed to Giuletta Guercino—"to be sent in case of my death," it was labelled.

She was our best friend, I had explained, and though my kind advisers were anxious that certain legal forms for the administration of the estate should be complied with, I had declined until I could hear from her. The package was sent, but our messenger on his return from the village, brought with him a letter he had found there, in the well-known handwriting, addressed to my father. I opened it, as his representative, and read it to my astonished friends. It was but brief, and I will transcribe it here.

"I have been with my father all winter, in the southern climate to which his physicians ordered him. Through some mistake my letters have not been forwarded to me. So I had learned nothing, John, of the sad event, which has made your home desolate, until now that I have returned desolate to mine. John, my father is dead. His animosities are buried with him, and at last I can claim my child, my little Giuletta. Bring her to me at once. You will not deny my stronger claim upon our darling—and you must give up your home—home no longer now that Mary is not there—and come to live near us. You shall take charge of my country estate, where I mean to live with the child, the year round. Come at once. We can then speak of many things. I long to see my child—my child—may I, dare I, at last call her by that sweet name?"

We were all simple country folk; and puzzled and astonished enough, we gathered little from this letter save a confused perception of the fact that I was not the child of my parents, but claimed by Giuletta Guercino. We decided, also, that I must go to her, and the next morning saw the little cottage abandoned, while I, attended by the good minister, set off for the city.

I remember little of the journey. The tumult of my thoughts was too great. But I remember well the stately house before which our carriage stopped at last. The grey-haired porter, in deep mourning, who opened the door, the magnificent apartment into which we were ushered—and presently the quick tread of feet in the marble hall, the entrance of a tall, beautiful woman, the Giuletta Guercino of whom I had dreamed, who clasped me in her arms, who called me her own, her darling, her child, and rained kisses and warm tears upon my brow, and cheek and lips.

And now my little sketch is nearly ended. I had lost those who had been dearest and nearest to me all my life, but I was not an orphan. I had left my home but I was not homeless. I had found a mother whom I had long worshipped unseen, who loved me fervently. I had found a home, beautiful beyond all my dreams of magnificence.

Years have passed since that hour of meeting. My mother and I have never been separated. We live in the beautiful country home that was my grandfather's, but sometimes we go away to the mountain cottage now mine, and visit the graves of those beloved and true friends who lie there, and there it was that I heard my mother's story.

She married secretly one whom she had long loved, and to whom her father had once promised her. But some enemy had sowed dissension between him and her father, and he had forbidden his daughter to receive her lover, and ordered her to dismiss him from her thoughts. This she could not do. The lovers met by accident, and she learned that he was about setting forth upon a long voyage. Love conquered prudence, fear of the old man's wrath, all that conspired to sunder their loving hearts. They were married, and one short week concluded their wedded bliss. My mother saw her young husband sail away, and never saw him more. He and all the gallant crew who accompanied him perished in a storm—not one ever returning to tell the tale, learned only from the floating remnants of the wreck.

This she knew not till long afterward. She came to the cottage, and there I was born, and there she often pleased herself with the thought of showing me to my father when he should return. There I was left with her humble friends, and there, as her father's malignity followed the dead to his watery grave, she left me while she devoted her years to the care of his failing health. And thence she gladly claimed me, when at length death set her free.

We will never part—my beautiful mother and I. Not even when I marry, as I shall do ere long. We shall live together, and together enjoy our blessings, and together remember with chastened and tempered grief those who have gone before us to our better home.

THE GREEN HOMES OF THE DEAD.

The entombment of the dead of cities in rural burying-grounds instead of among the crowded haunts of men, is justly spoken of as one of the great sanitary measures of the age; but this salutary change in the locality of our cemeteries has a religious and moral as well as a medical aspect, well entitled to consideration. Death should teach something to the living. What *could* it teach from a grave-yard in the midst of the busy mart, clouded by the dust of traffic, and echoing to the shouts and tread of the commercing multitudes? Clearly, nothing solemn. Was any Wall street "operator" ever reminded of his immortality or of his final account by a passing glance at Trinity Church-yard? Doubtful. We go to Greenwood, and come back—ay, even the most callous of us—improved by a visit to the still abodes where the dust of what was once "flesh of our flesh" reposes; but who ever heard of profitable meditations among *city* tombs.

We look upon rural cemeteries as great religious and moral schools—academies for the Education of the Soul, of which the Dead are the teachers. Thousands of our fellow-citizens visit Greenwood at this season and in the autumn, and are there taught lessons which were never learned in city grave-yards. The trees, the blossoming shrubs, the fresh verdure, the little lakes that make the shaded hollows luminous, the scent of flowers, the quiet air, untormented by the crash of trade—thrilled only with the hymns of birds—the white shafts pointing to a "better land" above—all are our teachers. Through them the silent monitors beneath the sod impart to us grand lessons, fill us, we know not how, with sweet perceptions of a fairer scene, where nothing fades—of a place of happy re-union, where there are no partings—of a Life that has no Death.

How these impressions are produced we leave psycologists and metaphysicians to explain—if they can; having ourselves, however, a shorter and perhaps truer way of accounting for them by referring them to the Source of all Good.

We might extend this article, and perhaps without fatiguing the reader, to considerable length, for the theme is one that comes home to all hearts; but enough has been said to show the value of rural cemeteries as religious and moral agencies.

A HOME TRUTH.—Conviviality is not conviviality when it becomes the foundation for midnight orgies over the rum bottle.

THE BEE.

The bee is one of the best moralists abroad. He is so busy, so happy, so spirited and resolute in doing his work, and withal so cheerful, singing all the while he is working, such a foe to idlers and idleness, such a skillful builder, moulder and upholsterer, such a friend of order, such a lover of home and yet such a wide and free explorer of nature, so dutiful and loyal a subject—(for democracy has not yet reached the bees, the "area of liberty" has not yet been so extended as to include the bees, nor has the Salique law been enacted in that community; they live, it is said, contentedly under the government of a Queen—but no subject of Victoria is prouder of his sovereign and his allegiance than they.) We cannot, however, stop to enumerate all the points at which their example is suggestive. For the matter of meekness and patience we cannot say so much. But then "there is no perfection." That the bee is a little given to hasty anger, and uses his sting sometimes upon rather small provocation, must be allowed. But then he is generally harmless if let alone, and a person so bent on improving the time cannot be bothered by loiterers. His *buzz*, too, gives you warning to keep out of the way; and if you are rather slow, he gives you a lunge with his little weapon, to teach you not to hinder people who are in a hurry. It is a good deal as if a man on his way to the bank, just on the stroke of three, should tread on the toes of some saunterer in Wall street. He has not even time to say, "beg your pardon," but holds right on, leaving the sufferer to bear his bruise as well as he can, and mend his pace the next time.

So that it may be said of the bee as Goldsmith has said of his schoolmaster,

"Ev'n his frailties lean to Virtue's side."

For energy and dispatch *is* a great virtue in this world, and if a lazy man gets a touch of the sting now and then, it will do him no harm.

The bee has long been held up as an example. He is a remarkable proof of the respect with which Vigor, Courage and Industry inspire mankind. Old Homer compares his strenuous and brave heroes to bees. Was not Plato called "the Attic bee," for the sweet and salutary wisdom, collected by so wide a range of thought and research, which distilled from his lips. Horace, if we remember right, boasts of his resemblance to the "bee of Matina." The Porphyrians, in their mystic philosophy, made the bee the emblem of purity and usefulness. Dr. Watts, in one of those "Divine Songs for Children," (which we never love less as we grow older,) says:

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

Lord Byron, dwelling on the indefatigable studies of the recluse and historian of Lausanne, describes him as,

"*Absorbing* thought
And *hiving* wisdom with each studious year."

What was that but just saying, in homely phrase, that he was *as busy as a bee?* That very similitude, by the way, the most universal, perhaps, in use, is a general compliment to the little fellow's industry. Mankind are willing to forgive his irritability, and even ill-nature, if you please to call it so—(for who has not felt his sting, and who does not start on hearing his *buzz* in too close proximity to their ear?)—from admiration of his spirit and activity; and so, by common consent, have canonized him in that widely accepted similitude, *as busy as a bee*—as a pattern of one of the noblest virtues.

There are others, too, besides those we have already noticed, for which he is conspicuous.

The bee is an early riser. Go out as early as you will on a fine morning, after the flowers are out, and you will find the bee astir before you. Milton (himself an early riser) did not think it beneath the dignity of his muse to notice, among the glorious beauties of the dawn,

——"how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

All the associations of the bee are with the pure and beautiful. You never find him, like the bloated and gaudy fly, lighting on a carcass or touching any fetid thing. From the first bloom of spring to the "last rose of summer," every flower "that sips the dew" or imbibes the sunshine is his delight; but, widely as he roams, he never touches any polluted thing. An example to travellers he is in this. Some there are who, from their far and wide excursions, bring home more gall and poison than honey. But the bee is not of them.

And yet, select and exclusive as he is, he is not proud. He stoops to the lowly violet or soars to the topmost boughs of blossoming trees; the wild flower on the mountain top, and the daisy which hides its head among the grass of the valley, are visited by him alike. The useful, the beautiful, and the good attract him, whether in the lofty or the lowly.

In fact, nothing is more remarkable in our little hero than his skill in extracting good, and only good, from everything he lights upon. The thistle-flower and thorn-blossom yield him a honey as sweet as the most delicious rose. You never catch him impaling himself on the bristling points, (as men sometimes do,) but he goes in and brings out the honey and leaves the rest. Verily, the nobler reason of man, the divine faith of the Christian, even, might therein take a lesson from the humble instinct of the bee. There is an essense of the sweet, the good and the wholesome in our roughest visitations and keenest sorrows. Let us learn from the bee how to extract it.

The bee goes right down into the heart of his subject. He is no surface dealer. He lights on the leaf only to find his way to the very bosom of the flower. Thus shall he deal best with all manner of subjects. The sweetest and purest draughts of truth are found by those who go deepest.

The bee works for other people. He is far more of a producer than a consumer. With him toil is a pleasure; and he works on, accumulating far more than is needful for his own use, and thus contributing largely to the general good. Such industry and thrift, were they universal, would soon banish poverty from the world.

It is reported that a bishop in the south of France stayed, on his visitation, at the house of a poor curé. The liberal hospitality with which he was treated surprised him much, contrasted with the slender income of his host. Before departing he expressed himself to this effect:—"You have entertained me bountifully, and I am much gratified by your kindness. But, allow me to ask, how is it that with so small a salary you can afford to be so hospitable?" "My lord," replied the curé, "I have a host of workmen who labor for me without charging any wages, and whose industry furnishes me with the means of subsistence and hospitality." His lordship stared. The curé asked him to follow, and led him to the rear of his premises, where he pointed him to two long rows of bee-hives. "There, my lord," said he, "are the busy little fellows who support me by their labor, and enable me to entertain my friends and be kind to the poor!"

Thereafter, it is said, whenever any one asked for an increase of salary, the bishop used to say, "Keep bees! Keep bees!"

THE human heart, like a feather bed, must be roughly handled, well shaken and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard.

A MOTHER'S purity refines the child's heart and manner.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

OCEANS of ink, mountains of paper, and disputes infinite might have been spared if wranglers had avoided lighting the torch of strife at the wrong end; since a tenth part of the pains expended to prove why, where, and when, certain events have happened, would have been more than sufficient to prove that they *never happened at all.*

MANY have affirmed that it requires more talent to succeed in a profession that we do not understand than in one that we do; the plain truth is, it does not require more *talent* but more *impudence*, and we have little reason to pride ourselves upon a success that is indebted much more to the weakness of others than to any strength of our own.

BE sure, whenever you choose a wife, to choose a proud woman. All honesty is a kind of pride, or at least three-fourths of it. The more a woman has to forfeit, the less likely she is to forfeit anything at all. Take the pride, although you have the virtue; the more endorsements you get, even on a good bill, the better.

No other men deserve the title of unbeliever so little as those to whom it has been usually applied. Let any one of those who renounce Christianity, write fairly down in a book all the absurdities that they believe instead of it, and they will find that it requires more faith to reject Christianity than to embrace it.

THERE is a notion that the coarse clothing of common words chafes fine thoughts; and so ideas, like people, are often accepted for more than they are worth, because they are well dressed.

THERE is a newspaper editor in the West who boasts that his enemies will find him "a young David." We apprehend that very few read his paper without feeling disposed to exclaim—*Go-liar.*

IT is said that dogs are now trained by thieves to snatch a gentleman's watch from his pocket, and make off with it at full speed. Those are a most pestilent kind of "*watch-dogs.*"

ANY paper can publish the appointments after the coming in of a new administration, but what paper in the world is half large enough to publish half the *dis*-appointments!

WE must suit the flattery to the mind and taste of the recipient. There are some who profess to despise all flattery, but these can generally be flattered by being told that they despise it.

WE know a paper that has an invaluable local editor. If he cannot find rows enough to make his department interesting, he kicks them up himself and then gives vivid descriptions of them.

"YOU have the ring of the true metal," said a lover to his sweetheart. "No, I haven't, sir; this ring that you gave me isn't the true metal at all, it's nothing but brass."

A POPULAR writer says that a woman "should be won by degrees." Certainly—win first her ears and eyes, then her heart, then her lips, and then her hand.

THE song of the poet, like that of his companion, the nightingale, bursts sweetest from the bosom of the wilderness.

THEY who are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful but with regard to one individual.

WE don't like to listen to preachers who aim to make their congregations laugh. They are apostates from the Grace of God to wit and drollery.

LOUIS NAPOLEON keeps his own counsel, and if he keeps counsellors, it is only that he may tell them that he has made up his mind.

SOME old men and women grow bitter with age. The more their teeth drop out, the more biting they get.

A POOR man should not be harshly dealt with for stealing food to appease hunger: the cries of the stomach silence those of the conscience.

WE are never so severe in dealing with the sins of others as when we are no longer capable of committing them ourselves.

MOST people seem to think that advice, like physic, to do good must be disagreeable.

BY the rules of war, it is death to stop a cannon ball.

HE is a first-rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.

LIFE would be as insupportable without the prospect of death as it would be without sleep.

YOUR *bon-vivants*, who are such "good livers," generally make very bad *diers.*

CURRENT ITEMS.

A FRENCH woman, who made the acquaintance of a German, at a ball, in this city, some months ago, having found that he was possessed of considerable cash, wished to marry him, but her proposal was declined. After pursuing the poor fellow for several months without avail, she became exasperated, and entering his room one evening as he lay on the bed, she attempted to pour a dose of aqua fortis down his throat. His face was terribly burnt, and he barely escaped death. The woman was arrested.

AN apprentice boy, named Jesse Trader, living near Hillsborough, Ohio, recently broke into his master's bedroom, put the muzzle of a loaded rifle to his forehead, and then pulled the trigger by means of the branch of a peach tree obtained for that purpose. The ball from the rifle penetrated his brain to the depth of six inches, and yet he lived nearly four hours

A CONVICT in the Massachusetts State's Prison, who is confined there under three separate sentences for life, a short time since deliberately cut off all the fingers of his right hand. The reason he assigned for the act was that the fingers had committed the crimes for which he was convicted; the true reason probably is that he hopes to escape hard labor now that he is so disabled.

AT a recent prize fight at Ballymena, Ireland, one of the pugilists was knocked down sixty-one times and had his eyes completely "closed up;" and yet he came unflinchingly to "the scratch," until he was utterly unable to stand. The beating of a man in that shocking manner, is what some people consider "rare sport."

A MAN named Andreani, living in Corsica, not long since became incensed against his wife and some of her female friends, and cut the throat of three of them (his wife among the number) and shot another one dead. He was arrested, tried, and hung, in three days.

GOLD has been discovered in small quantities in the town of Plymouth, Vt. Three "claims" are being worked at a profit of $1,50 to $5 a day. That would be a good place for persons afflicted with the gold fever to serve an apprenticeship

A FARMER named Burnher, living in Steuben county, (N. Y.,) while attempting to cut a branch from an apple tree with a scythe, slipped, and the scythe coming down on his head, cut a gash in the skull some three inches in length.

THE Austrians having found three muskets in the house of an Italian living near Toricella, condemned himself, his wife, and five children (two of the latter under ten years of age), to death, and shot the whole of them before their own door.

A BOOK about the United States has just been published in Germany, in which the author mentions, among other equally interesting facts, that thieves are so scarce in this country that a reward is often offered for the discovery of one.

A SHORT time since a poor man living in Richmond, Va., received a letter from Europe informing him that he had fallen heir to a vast fortune. The shock was so great that he fell from his chair and died immediately.

A TROY (N. Y.) paper says that there is a bright, intelligent boy in that city who cannot hear at all with his ears; that when he wants to hear he opens his mouth, and can then hear as well as anybody.

A SAILOR on board a sloop, off Buffalo harbor, fell from the stern of the vessel into the lake, and was soon rescued by a comrade, in a boat, but died before he could be got on board the sloop

A MAN living up town, who is said to be a respectable citizen, recently kicked a servant girl in the side and stomach so violently as to endanger her life.

A LITTLE girl, living in Smith street, Brooklyn, was stung in the eye, a short time since, by a honey bee, and died in a few days from the effects of the sting.

A AGED woman, eighty-nine years old, residing near Red Mills in this State, a short time since hung herself, on account of incurable melancholy.

A POSTMASTER of Somerset county, Pa., has been sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment for stealing a letter from the mail.

IN a village of only five thousand inhabitants in Missouri, there are fifty-six lawyers